



JUNE 1971

OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS



Founded by Mrs. Huntington Smith

Corner Tremont and Arlington Streets

Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Telephone: (617) 426-9170



OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS

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BRANCHES

Dedham 238 Pine Street

Cape Cod Route 6A, East Brewster

Salem 378 Highland Avenue

Small Animal Out-Patient Clinic is maintained at headquarters. *Clinic Hours:* Monday through Friday, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Saturday, 9 A.M. to 11:30 A.M. by appointment only. During July and August the Clinic will not be open on Saturday.

Pine Ridge Cemetery for Small Animals and Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses are maintained at 238 Pine Street, Dedham, Arthur W. Foster, Superintendent. Arrangements for burials, including cremations, may be made at League headquarters.

MEMBERSHIP FEES

Life \$100.00 in one payment
Supporting 25.00 annually
Contributing 10.00 annually
Active 5.00 annually
Associate 2.00 annually

FORM OF BEQUEST

To the ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE OF BOSTON:

I give, devise and bequeath the sum of
dollars, and the real estate situated at No.
Street, in the city (or town) of

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Quality of Character

Nearly thirty years ago we attended a banquet at which the guest speaker was Sam Campbell, commonly known at that time as the Philosopher of the Forest. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Campbell expressed a thought which has lingered in our mind ever since. He said, "Kindness is not a sentiment but a quality of character without which we have no claim to intelligence. Greater than the freeing of animals from needless suffering is the freeing of human beings from doing that which is cruel. It is because the end of the work is so big that the gains seem to be so slow."

It is this "quality of character" of which Mr. Campbell spoke that the League tries to engender. No teaching is more needed in our world today than the education which will lead to kind consideration of both animal and human. Our purpose in all of our educational activities is to stimulate not only an interest in humane living, but to awaken, particularly in the child, such a desire that he will become increasingly sensitive to the needs and opportunities for humane activity and desirous of giving real service commensurate with his growth in years and understanding.

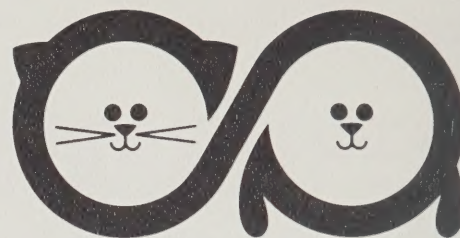
It is, perhaps, significant that the cornerstone of the League's headquarters carries the inscription KINDNESS UPLIFTS THE WORLD. In this decade of the 70's when there is so much interest in the relationship of man to his environment seems to be a good time to re-dedicate ourselves to be kind, just and tolerant toward all living creatures. Perhaps, then, the day will come when kindness, tempered by strength, is inherent in all of us. At least, let us look toward the horizons of high hopes, noble purposes and unselfish desires.

C.E.B.

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DR. CARLTON E. BUTTRICK, *Editor*

RUTH A. BALLOU, *Associate Editor*



JUNE, 1971

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OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS

ANNUAL MEETING HELD AT LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS

► THE PRESENTATION OF THE Anna Harris Smith Award to the day's guest speaker, Mr. Thomas T. Becker, was a highlight of the 72nd annual meeting of the Animal Rescue League of Boston held on April 21st in the auditorium of the headquarters building. Another highlight was the presentation of the League's Humane Heroism Award to Frank Tusini for his bravery in rescuing a dog from the icy waters of the Charles River on February 25. (See photo and story on page 6.)

The Award to Mr. Becker was most deserved. A native of Massachusetts, Mr. Becker was born in Brookline, received his law degree from Suffolk University and is a member of the Massachusetts Bar. After serving in the Army Intelligence Corps during World War II, Mr. Becker was named Executive Director of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the first child protective society in the world. A nationally acclaimed leader in the child protective field, Mr. Becker is a Certified Social Worker in the State of New York.

Early in the 1950's, Mr. Becker's ability was recognized by The American Humane Association, the national federation of both child and animal protective societies in the United States, when he was elected a director of the Association, a position he still holds. Mr. Becker also was involved in the early discussions between humane leaders in this country and England, which resulted in the formation of the International Society for the Protection of Animals, a society which he has served as a director since its incorporation in



Thomas T. Becker receives the Anna Harris Smith Award from League President Dr. Carlton E. Buttrick.

1959. Because of his great contributions to the humane cause on a local, national and international level, Mr. Becker's name is justifiably added to a small number of persons to have received the Anna Harris Smith Award.

In his annual message, League President Dr. Carlton E. Buttrick stated that the purpose of the Animal Rescue League of Boston is to operate in a manner that fulfills completely its responsibility to all segments of the community, both human and animal. This means that League policies and decisions are based on how they best serve the needs and interests of animals in the areas served by the League. "Based on this philosophy," Dr. Buttrick said, "we strive to present a comprehensive, balanced and meaningful program; a program that reaches out to help people with animal problems—and," he added, "animals with people problems."

Dr. Buttrick continued, "Today changes are going on all around us. While there are still basic requirements in animal protective work, there must also be concern with technological, sociological and ecological advances, with meticulous planning for the future, all based upon the best and most complete information available from all sources."

Dr. Buttrick paid high tribute to the devotion of the officers, directors and staff, saying that these people "... are the most valuable commodity the League has." He particularly praised Mr. Guy W. Mann, the League's Livestock Conservation Director for the past seventeen years, who will be taking retirement at the end of the current year. He commented on Mr. Mann's knowledge, persuasiveness and genial

manner which have won for him and for the League a host of friends.

Dr. Buttrick pointed out that perhaps the importance of a good staff can best be illustrated by the League's record of direct service to and for animals. He stated that a total of 31,495 sick, injured, lost, stray or unwanted animals were collected by our agents, while another 23,835 were brought to League shelters. The League's veterinary staff treated 17,187 animal patients, not counting the daily inspection and treatment given to pets in our shelter. The League inspectors made 904 investigations and saw a total of 19,612 animals. In addition, the Quarantine Department carried out its vital responsibility of examining and quarantining 1,203 reported animal bite cases in the City of Boston. Two other services which provided major satisfaction were the return of 1,226 lost or stray pets to their owners and the placement of 5,664 pets in new homes.

At the business meeting, Directors elected to serve a three-year term were: Mrs. Alexander H. Bright, Mrs. George M. Cushing, Jr., Lewis S. Dabney, John C. Hatch, Allen B. Rider, Jr. and Mrs. Paul Walton, Sr. Elected for two years to fill the unexpired term of Francis T. Baldwin was Mrs. Frederic Winthrop.

The guest speaker was Thomas T. Becker, Executive Director of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose topic was, "The Use of Animals in the Treatment of Emotionally Disturbed Children." Mr. Becker's remarks, which we hope to publish in full at a later date, were most interesting and informative and well received by his audience of League members and friends.

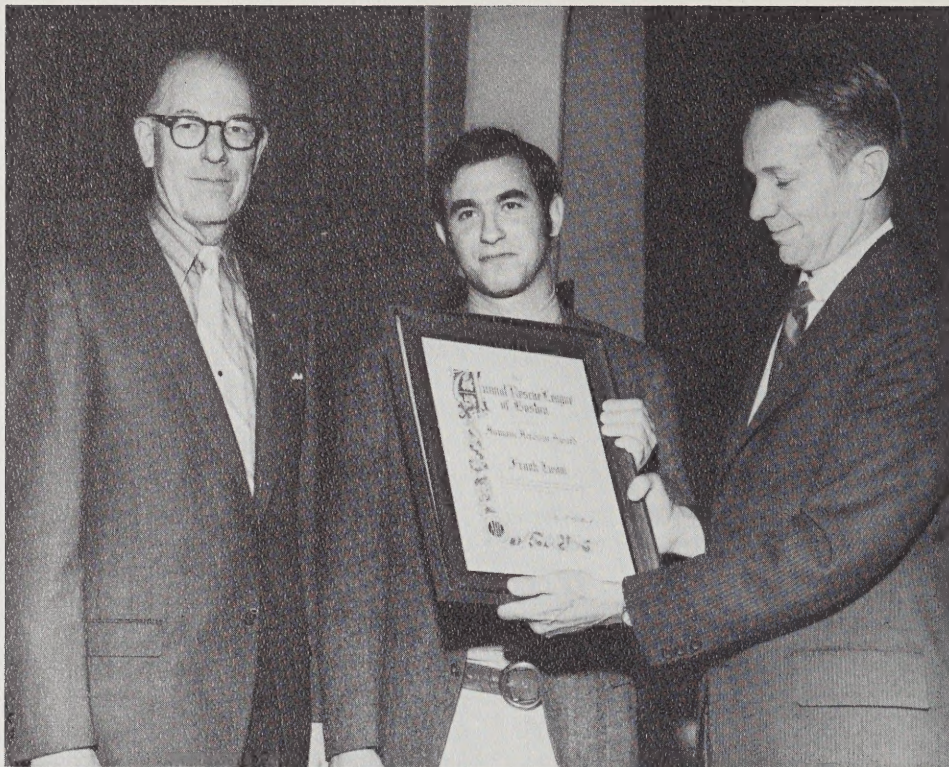
"MUFFIN," HIS STORY

by
Dorothy C. Bohlman

► THIS IS THE STORY of a handsome little dog, aged about 8-10 years, reputedly "Pekinese"—but showing some signs of "Mini-Sheltie." But by whatever breed name he may be identified—he is factually known to have the happiest wagging tail at the end of his glamorously fur-coated little body, ears that "flop" a little as he "struts" along (and how proudly he does strut along—like a little "show dog" most adept at his pacing). And the face, who can describe the wonderment in that alert little face, so beautiful it is that more

often than not when meeting someone who doesn't know him, he will be referred to as "she," but he doesn't seem to be demeaned by that error, in fact his little heart is so full of love for everyone and everything that it knows no bounds—and he makes no secret of it with his human friends, dogs (the bigger, the better), cats (yes, cats!)—to say nothing of pigeons, birds, and even squirrels. He is so full of love that even some of these natural enemies sense it, and

(Continued on page 7)



Frank Tusini accepts the League's Humane Heroism Award from Chairman of the Board Philip W. Trumbull as League President Dr. Carlton E. Buttrick looks on.

HUMANE HEROISM AWARD PRESENTED TO Frank Tusini

► IT WAS THURSDAY AFTERNOON, February 25, and Mrs. Carlton Buttrick, wife of the League President, was driving along Needham Street in Dedham when she noticed a dog standing on the ice of the Charles River, barking. Coming to a stop and getting out of the car, Mrs. Buttrick saw a second dog, an Irish Setter, struggling in the icy water well out in mid-river and unable to reach shore because the thin ice at that point kept breaking under his paws.

Moments later Mrs. Buttrick saw a truck approaching, stopped it and spoke to the young driver, Frank Tusini, pointing out the dog's predicament. By this time two more trucks had stopped and two or three men stood on the river edge, trying to encourage the dog to come ashore—something he was unable to do.

Mr. Tusini joined the group of men, looked the situation over for a moment, and then dove into the icy water and swam out to the dog. Keeping the Irish Setter afloat, Mr. Tusini made their way safely back

to shore where one man insisted on shaking his hand for the "bravest act he had ever witnessed."

Since the Setter was wearing a Dedham license tag, a Dedham police cruiser, which happened along as the rescue was made, took the dog to the Dedham Police Station where his owner, Mrs. Paul Eddy, immediately picked him up.

The dog which originally attracted Mrs. Buttrick's attention was taken to the League's Dedham Branch from where he was ultimately returned to his owner. While Mr. Tusini, needless to say, went to his home in West Roxbury for a hot shower and a change into dry clothing.

Fortunately, neither Mr. Tusini nor the Irish Setter suffered any ill effects from their experience.

For his bravery and, using Mr. Tusini's own words, "doing something that had to be done," the Animal Rescue League of Boston is proud to present its Humane Heroism Award to Frank Tusini.



"Muffin" in a cute pose.

(Continued from page 5)

he, to date, has not encountered any problems.

This wonderful little animal was "picked up" on a complaint in Malden, (by complaint of some non-lover of animals, undoubtedly, for to just see "Muffin" is to brighten up inside and love him). In any event, in due course he was sheltered at the Animal Rescue League of Boston for the period of ten days required by law to allow his owner to find him. No one knows from whence he came—or how he came to be in Malden. He may have been lost, strayed or stolen, but one thing is certain—his owner(s) somewhere grieve and worry, wondering what has happened to their pet.

Apparently he found his way into the hearts of the folks at the Animal Rescue League, because someone set up a TV "human interest" story to assist in locating "Muffin's" folks for him. And, so it was—on the evening news of December 6, 1968, that a story was filed from the Animal Rescue League headquarters in Boston. The announcer told how "during the Christmas Season so many of the animals at the League are placed—oftentimes there are not even enough pup-

pies, kittens, dogs and cats to meet the gift-giving demand. But in the case of this little dog the circumstances may not be so fortunate—for, from his general condition, the condition of his teeth, etc., it appears that he is about 8-10 years old—and older pets are not readily adoptable. The fact of the matter is that death, though it must come to all of us, will inevitably come—painlessly—to this little Pekinese unless his owner recognizes him here and comes to the League to claim him." The camera panned in on that lovable little face with the big soft eyes that seemed to be a bit tearful—as if to say, "Please come and get me."

All the while two ladies in Chestnut Hill watched—and the really important "news" that evening was that these two animal lovers decided to give themselves a Christmas present and take this little homeless dog—if his owner did not find him.

The newscast appeared on Friday night—so bright and early Saturday morning a call was placed to the League to let them know that it was hoped that his owner would appear—but, if such was not to be the case, he could have a nice home in Chestnut Hill, be well cared for and much loved. The person in charge was not available on Saturday, so it was requested that a call be made on the Monday following. On Monday at 9 A.M. sharp—the name of Bohlman was listed as ready "to adopt" should his true folks not be found. On Wednesday, again, another call was placed—just to "check in" and show continued and sincere interest. Although we would happily have taken "Muffin" (as he was later to be called) so that he would not have been kept "caged" until his "time was up"—surrendering him gladly to his family if they showed up—it was not to be—the League could not surrender him before the ten-day period elapsed. So, we waited—and "Muffin" waited, too.

Wednesday afternoon a man from the League came to the house to check on these Bohlman's who were willing to adopt this old dog, sight unseen on the basis of a telecast. The telecast, it is reported, made the switchboard light up with calls from animal lovers of similar persuasion to claim the Pekinese, despite his age and/or probable physical condition. But, we were the first and, perhaps, therefore first to be investigated. When the League agent learned that we have only this past May buried a much loved twenty (that's right—20) year old cat named "Twinkie," he said, "Well, you must be doing something right! Anyone who can keep a cat for 20 years certainly proves they know how to take care of animals." However, it was mutually decided the home chosen for "Muffin" should be the best one available to make *him* happy. It went, without saying, whoever was lucky enough to

get him would be happy. It was decided that, perhaps, the home should not have children—not because “Muffin” does not like children (as mentioned before, he loves everyone and everything)—but because this “loving” way of his could be disastrous for “Muffin,” trying to play with newfound friends at his ripe old age. When the League agent left, we felt that he had been duly impressed with our love for our four-footed friends—but he had noted that we did not have a yard for him in which to play. The agent volunteered that we could, however, “walk him on a leash,” to which we readily agreed, even adding—by way of encouragement—that there was a playground close by where he could have his “run” in safety. When he left, we felt that, perhaps, we would not get “Muffin” (the name Helen decided she would call him)—but happy in the thought that, at least, he would be assured of a home, carefully chosen from among the warm-hearted people who had called offering one.

Then, on Thursday afternoon, Helen received a call from an executive of the League asking if she was still interested in taking “Muffin” to our home. He said the doctor (vet) wanted to explain a couple of things about “Muffin’s” condition. He told Helen that he was, as she knew, about 8-10 years old, had a slight heart condition, his teeth were in need of some attention, had a little conjunctivitis, had had his “shots” (boosters) which our vet might or might not want to continue . . . had generally good health and with care could be a happy little dog for a while longer. Perhaps, with the idea that could we be discouraged, we would then be . . . at which point Helen was referred back to the League executive. He told Helen then, that we were indeed the lucky ones . . . and that “Muffin” would be ours come next morning at 10:00 A.M. when his “holding time” was officially at its end. He said that so many people had shown an interest in “Muffin” that it had become quite a human interest story and would she mind being on TV the following morning when she claimed him. Helen was quite alarmed at the prospect—imagining cameras and lights and the “whole works,” so to speak. A very good friend, Lorraine Lee, drove Helen in to the League in the morning to get “Muffin” . . . and Helen’s fears were for naught . . . because the camera was a simple hand model, the like of which wouldn’t alarm anyone and similar to our home model—in other words, she was not at all aware that she was “on camera.”

And, such “movie stars” and “performers” as she and “Muffin” turned out to be! Both glamorous show people they were indeed! The TV station showed a film clip of the “celebrities” at 5:30 and again at 11:00 P.M. They reviewed a portion of the original

story—and then continued with the happy events of that morning, explaining with words to the effect that, “It is obvious that Miss Bohlman loves animals, and that animals love Miss Bohlman, Miss Bohlman lives in a small apartment in Chestnut Hill with her sister. The two sisters had a 20 year old cat, named “Twinkie,” which they buried this past May. And, now on Friday, the 13th, there is a happy little dog in Chestnut Hill.” The film and the little commentary varied a bit from the early evening to the late evening, but was essentially the same. It showed portions of the original story followed by a picture of the attendant taking “Muffin” from the cage and “Muffin” “prancing along” ahead of him until the attendant handed Helen the leash. It showed Helen signing a form claiming him, leaving the building and going off to Lorraine’s car for the trip to Chestnut Hill. Helen stopped at Dorothy’s office on the way home to license him in Brookline (although the ARL tag was good for two weeks), and introduced him to his new home, which he seemed to find acceptable even from the first day.

Obviously, whoever had had him—loved him and trained him well—as he is the most loving, sweet dispositioned, well-trained dog that anyone could imagine or hope to have. It didn’t take him long to discover that he had two wonderful “maids” who would cater to his every whim, and seemed quite content and happy to “adopt” them. It must be said that the weather which first confronted him in his new home was the worst that could be had—wet, miserably cold. He had been bathed and groomed at the League the day prior to his TV debut, but in no time at all he was beginning to show signs of “tattle-tale gray” in his lovely, fluffy coat. With some misgivings we decided to take the first reasonably mild day and attempt a bath—and even in this regard “Muffin” proved to be a little gentleman—putting up with us while we made him beautifully white and fluffy again. From the way the weather has been—blizzards, bitter cold and all, it doesn’t appear that “Muffin” will soon have another bath. Not because it was any problem to us—but because he loves to go out so much, it is not worth the risk of making him sick, should he catch cold.

One month after having him, we had the vet (our “prized” vet who took such excellent care of “Twinkie”—to the extent that he could help a 20-year-old cat) check “Muffin” over. He concurred with the League estimate as to his age; agreed that his teeth needed attention but said they could wait until spring when the weather would be better and less apt to be a problem; that, happily, he did not think he needed

any more "shots" (the League had supplied us with a card outlining what medication he had been given); told us that he did not consider his heart "too bad for his age—and with care like (we) would give him, he could have several happy years." "Muffin" was happy he did not have to have a "shot," we were very happy to hear that we might enjoy each other's company for several years.

Now, as mentioned previously, "Muffin" came to us well trained, quiet—and though overjoyed at the prospect of a "run" in the outdoors would remain quietly waiting our pleasure. We noted that if anyone lay down on a bed for a while it indicated "quiet time" to "Muffin" and the same was true of the period from "going to bed" to the minute someone "put a foot on the floor." Not until that minute would "Muffin" even whimper that he wanted to go out . . . and it was a very good way. We more or less determined from this that perhaps he belonged to an elderly or ill person who had to take "rest" at regular intervals . . . and thought the person might have been hospitalized, unable to care for him any longer and given him to younger members of the family who didn't realize his dependence on this person, and his reliance on his leash (he walks on a leash as a dog does who knows no other way of life—and has no idea of the danger of street traffic, *at all*),—someone, who perhaps with the best of intention thought that "freedom" was best for this happy little dog, feeling, wrongfully, that he knew his way and released him . . . in that way causing him to be lost. He is so beautiful, and when enthused, and outdoors seems to lose 6-7 years, acting as he does like a "puppy"—in which case someone might have "picked him up" (for whatever purpose, will remain unknown) and then discovered that he was an old dog and released him to his own devices. In any event, whatever the background of his being "picked up" in Malden, we have adopted one another and "all's well that ends well."

We are only sorry not to know "Muffin's" real beginnings, sorry that his grief-stricken owner wasn't able to claim him (we have heard that his story appeared in local papers—so many were determined to find his folks or save him from an otherwise inevitable fate). We, ourselves, advertised him during the week we waited for his time to elapse and even went to the local library (the main branch in Boston) to search the Lost and Found ads for about a month prior to his entrance to the League in the hope of finding some clue to his folks . . . all to no avail. We even advertised one final time, after getting him—licensed and all, to see if we could locate his people, placing an ad which read, "Safe in my adopted home,

but grieving for my folks." This as well failed. So, sorry as we are that his folks cannot know he is safe and happy, we are glad he has adopted us and our apartment as his new "home."

The neighborhood in which we live is one of apartments, with working people in the preponderance—and, except to come face to face with next-door neighbors, you don't become too friendly or come to know too many folks. Well, "Muffin" has changed all that! Since the first day he came to 803 Boylston Street, he has been the center of attention and everyone smiles—even those folks who haven't known what it is to smile in years. All the neighbors, strangers on the street where "Muffin" goes to walk, the policewoman on the corner, all the children going to school smile. The local druggist expresses it the best, I guess, and is



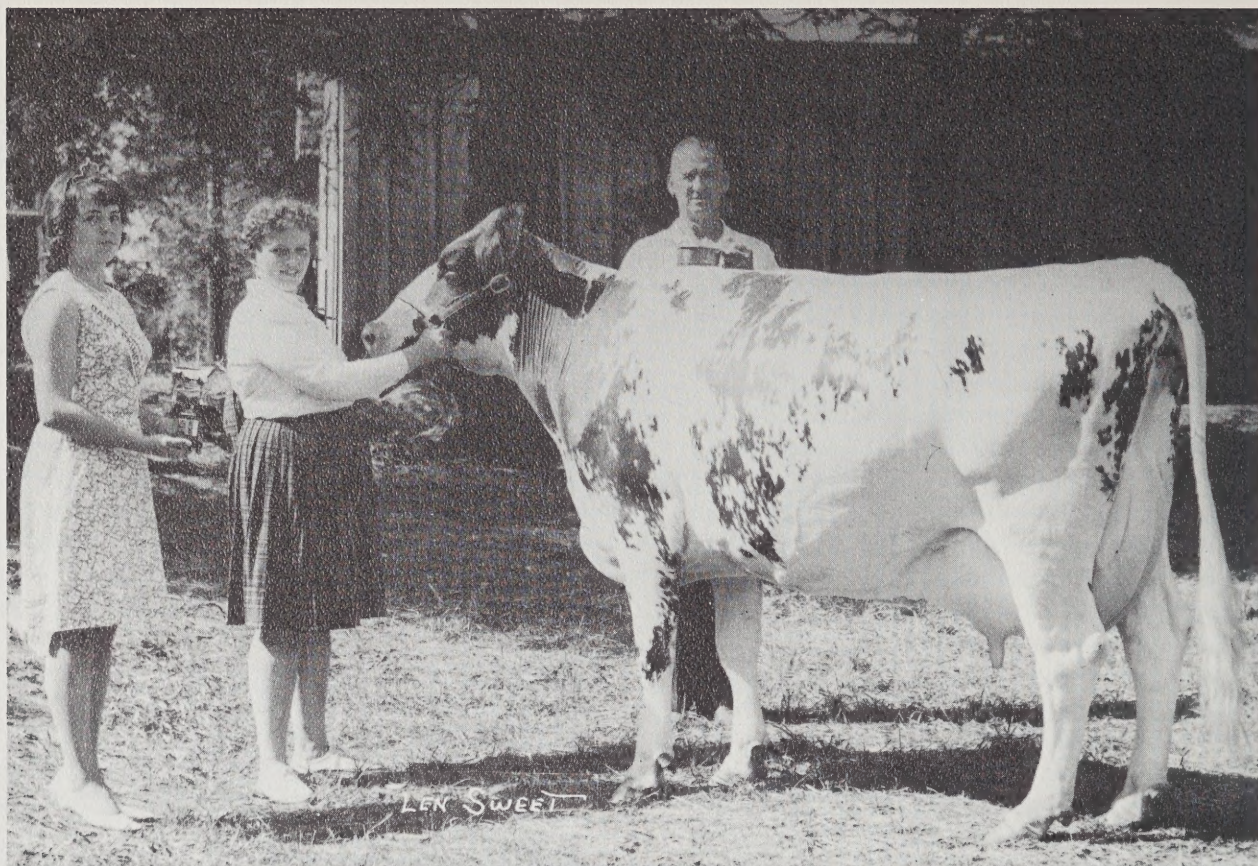
With his coat on, "Muffin" is ready for a walk.

one of "Muffin's" foremost fans . . . Charlie says, "Everyone loves 'Muffin.' 'Muffin' has brought the whole neighborhood to life!"—and how true that is. He is a very proud little dog, and we are very proud to be his "new" folks.

A little boy, sitting one day at the counter in the drug store, said to Helen, "I wish I had 'Muffin' instead of my dog." Of course Helen told him he didn't really mean *that*, but it is an indication of the way people feel about "Muffin."

I went in to the drug store to get a paper one morning, and a girl from one of the office buildings across the street was at the counter having coffee. She turned

(Continued on page 14)



A typical Ayrshire cow. Faith Read showing Fairview Cindie owned by her father Albert K. Read, Shadow Lawn Farm, Claremont, N. H.

OUR DAIRY BREEDS OF CATTLE

THE AYRSHIRE

by
Guy W. Mann

► THE COUNTY OF AYR is the home of our Ayrshire breed of cattle. It is located on the southwestern side of Scotland and borders the sea. Ayr is about twenty miles wide and about eighty miles long. The western side of this tract of land is at sea level while to the east it rises to approximately 2,000 feet. The climate is very uniform with no extreme cold or warm weather. Rainfall is ample, resulting in a moist climate. The county of Ayr is noted for its thrifty farmers who, combined with a moist climate, produce good harvests of grass and hay from land that is of a natural low fertility.

Other breeds of cattle that were used to develop the native stock in Ayr were thought to be Shorthorn, Teeswater, Dutch, West Highland, and, perhaps,

cattle from the Channel Islands, Jersey and Guernsey, as we know them today. In short, the Ayrshire was developed from several other dairy breeds, all selected for great milking capacity.

The native stock of Ayr cattle probably was first improved by other breeds about 1750, but not until 1814 was the Ayrshire recognized as a true breed. Previous to that time a John Dunlop had improved the Ayr cattle to the extent that "Dunlop" or "Dunlop cattle" were recognized and some feel this could have been the solid foundation of our present Ayrshire breed.

The first importation of Ayrshires into the United States probably was by Henry W. Hills in 1822. These were placed on the farm of Hezekiah Hills at Wind-

sor, Connecticut. They were crossed with native cattle and were of no significance in the development of the Ayrshire breed. Other unimportant importations were made from 1827 to 1831 and in 1837 by J. P. Cushing of Watertown, Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. This society made other importations in 1845 and 1858. By 1900 about 11,000 head were in the United States and had started to spread out of New England.

One outstanding herd of Ayrshires is at Meredith Farm, Topsfield, Massachusetts. From the late 1840s until today this herd has been one of the great herds in the breed. Many grand champions have come from this well known herd.

Ardossan Farm at Villanova, Pennsylvania, started its herd in 1910 with nine females from Scotland. Since that time no females have been "bought in" to the herd. This farm is one of the oldest breeding establishments in the United States.

Oak Ridge Stock Farm, Calistoga, California; Lippitt Farm, Hope, Rhode Island; Tollgate Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut, and Crystal Spring Farm, East Concord, New Hampshire, are a few other great Ayrshire farms whose owners have contributed to the development of this great breed.

The color of the Ayrshire includes red, mahogany, brown, white and a mixture of red and white with each color distinctly defined. During the years, brindle, black and white and flecked markings were accepted, but the popular color fads of today do not embrace these.

The size of the Ayrshire calls for females to be at least 1,200 pounds and bulls up to 1,800 pounds or over. Breeders claim hardiness, thriftiness, early maturing, excellent milk production, long-lived, good butter fat production and superiority of Ayrshire milk for cheddar cheese production as outstanding points for the breed.

Many feel that the Ayrshire are the most stylish in the showing, their colorful markings, size and gracefulness seeming to captivate the crowd's attention over all the other breeds. Once we, too, felt that the solid confirmation and beautiful horns put them up as leaders in showing. Now, realizing that three percent of all damage done to our meat is caused by horns, we in the livestock conservation field advocate their removal at an early age.

This is the final article in "Our Dairy Breeds of Cattle" series. Watch for our new series of articles on "Our Breeds of Horses."

"DOG SAVES MASTER FROM FREEZING TO DEATH IN SNOWSTORM"

by
Raymonde Sutter

► JUST ANOTHER ONE OF those oft-repeated tales, you will no doubt mutter. And so what else is new?

But wait: familiar story it is indeed, but it merely adds to an already-impressive list of touching animal courage.

A certain Mr. Fish, storekeeper in Cagnes-sur-mer on the French Riviera, was delivering orders out in the country about 50 miles from Nice. Unable to make much progress because of heavy snowfall, he stopped his car to wait for a lull in the storm, keeping the engine running just in case, not wanting to risk the car stalling on him later on.

As fate would have it, there was a leak in the exhaust pipe and Mr. Fish soon lost consciousness, overcome by carbon monoxide fumes seeping into his car. It was his good fortune, however, to have brought along his dog Caesar who, realizing his master was in danger, managed to work open the car door and drag

the unconscious man out into the snow.

But our story does not end here. Watching over his master, the dog barked incessantly to attract someone's attention. His yelps were not to be answered for an agonizingly long time, however, for this deserted back road was infrequently travelled at *any* time of the year, let alone during a snowstorm. Would anyone *ever* hear his frenzied barking?

After what must have seemed an eternity to the poor beast, help came at last, and Mr. Fish regained consciousness. He was awarded a medal on behalf of his faithful Caesar, in honour of the dog's highly unusual brave deed.

As for Caesar, totally indifferent to any such distinctions, he was, as you may well imagine, only too content for his master to prove his undying gratitude and affection by making an extra-special fuss and serving him generous portions of juicy beefsteak.



"Psssst!" says Sergeant Tibbs the cat to Patch the puppy at the beginning of important rescue operations in this scene from Walt Disney's, "One Hundred and One Dalmatians."

HAVE YOU SEEN A DISNEY FILM LATELY?

Photo and Story from
Arejas Vitkauskas' World-Wide News Bureau

► WHEN THE TREND in movies is an endless manipulation of raw sex scenes, often reaching the absurd (because of companies' competition for the box office), with recurring unconvincing panegyrics for this or that director, a real oasis of wholesome, "old-fashioned" entertainment of lasting value are the Walt Disney Productions. They don't make risky "adult" films but give us true adult shows and one usually feels refreshed by their timeless creations.

Take, for instance, a little story, "Hang Your Hat on the Wind," of an Indian boy in love with a strayed thoroughbred horse, struggling with his conscience when the question of returning the foundling to its owner comes up. Add to this the sweeping magnificence of the American west and one leaves the theatre as if after a long vacation in deep sunshine and clear air. Gone, too, is the line between children and

grown-ups.

Another Walt Disney Production's feature is "101 Dalmatians." It has the inimitable Disney touch that makes one so fond of Disney characters and this film strongly affects even those persons who are not "too crazy" about dogs. With the usual Disney charm, equally absorbable by humans in the arctic circle or the tropics, in India or Africa, this story of a canine pair in London should be very clear because every dog is so thoroughly British (acting as if he's an old Colonel), but so humanly funny that even a sharp anti-colonialist could find no fault with it.

Disney films of this character, when re-shown again after some periods of time have elapsed, will remain as new as ever, for Disney's non-aging universality is of a "Shakespeare in lighter vein" and touches the hearts of people no matter where they live.



DIFFICULT CHOICE: What happens when a pedigree poodle makes the acquaintance of a pedigree schnauzer and they get very friendly? Result—7 SCHNOODLES! Fraulein Von Wharton, miniature schnauzer owned by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mannke of Wharton Court, Hyde Park, gave birth to 7 little schnoodles on September 13th at her home. Father of the startling brood is Sir Coco Du Bal, owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Baler of Dodge Road, Hyde Park. Maxine Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stone of Leighton Road, Hyde Park, had a difficult time making up her mind, as to which of the puppies she wanted. She finally made her choice and is now anxiously waiting until the dog is old enough to leave home.

CRY

THE

WILD

*When the last fish hawk shall fall
and die,
the sky
shall mourn the loss, the empty
space,
our race
shall sense another glory gone,
no more
will shore
and river know her high and shaggy
nest,
her quest
ceaselessly to feed her croaky
chicks,
the quick
and soaring wonder of her
flight,
the might
and unleashed fury of her dive,
alive
to every shading of her coast
and sea,
her free
and feral osprey call no more
may echo
or know
the answering cry of winging
mate . . .
too late . . .
too late?*

JEAN GRIERSON KNOWLES

(Continued from page 9)

around—smiled at “Muffin”—and at me—and asked, “Is this ‘Muffin’?” I told her, “Yes, this is ‘Muffin.’” She said, “We’ve heard all about ‘Muffin!’” (from Charlie—who loves to tell the story of “Muffin.”) I took the paper and left with “Muffin” who wanted to be on the go—and as we passed the window of the drug store two more girls were looking out the window and smiling (two more evidently newly-introduced by Charlie, the druggist, to “Muffin’s” story). We were disappointed to see the sign go up that Massachusetts has refused to allow animals in stores where there is food (for Charlie serves light lunches, coffee, donuts, etc.) as “Muffin” really enjoyed his visits there. When passing by on the return from a long walk, I’d often say to “Muffin,” “Want to go see Charlie?” and go in only long enough to pick up a paper. We stopped going in, of course. One day Charlie said, “Do you see a dog? I don’t see a dog,” implying that “Muffin” could stop long enough to get our paper in the morning. One day the people in the store saw “Muffin” sit up and beg and dance (some-

thing he’d learned in his “old-folks” care) when Helen asked for a pack of cigarettes. Everyone got quite a “kick” out of it . . . he is so cute . . . irresistible is the better word, I would think.

So, the story of “Muffin” has a happy ending with two happy ladies delighting in taking good care of “Muffin,” enjoying his cute antics, pleased by the way he has brought light and joy into the lives (not only of themselves) but of everyone with whom he comes in contact . . . and, let’s hope that he will reach a total of years comparable to “Twinkie’s.” “Twinkie,” bless her, would be happy that this little dog had come to share her place on Boylston Street.

[EDITOR’S NOTE: The story of “Muffin” was written a few months after he was adopted. Unfortunately, “Muffin” was not to have the long life-span of the Misses Bohlman’s cat, “Twinkie.” He died early in 1971 and was buried this Spring at the League’s Pine Ridge Cemetery for Animals. But at least he received a great deal of love and gave large amounts of joy and affection for the two years he lived with the Misses Bohlman.]

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